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THE
GUARDIAN OUT-WITTED,

[A

COMIC OPERA.



[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

GUARDIAN OF THE LIT

COPIES OF THE

NEW YORK

[The following is a list of the

THE

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Guardian Out-witted.

A

COMIC OPERA.

As it is Performed

At the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*.

The Musick composed

By THO. AUG. ARNE, Doctor in Music.


L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the
Strand, and T. L O W N D S in Fleet-street.

M D C C L X I V.

BY PERMISSION,

Dedicated

TO THE QUEEN,

Shortly will be published,

The *Music* of this *Opera*.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

MY principal Inducement to write this COMIC OPERA, was the scanty Produce of original Dramatic Pieces; the Cause of which may be attributed rather to a Barrenness of Encouragement, than a Want of Fertility among so many learned and ingenious Natives of this Kingdom, whose Names and Talents would have stamped a Dignity on the Undertaking.

If, presuming on their Silence, I have rashly taken up the Pen they laid down, it is too late to retreat; and I must now rely on the peculiar Indulgence of the Public, and their tenderest Criticism, on at least a laudable Attempt, which (though the fifth Dramatic Piece I have written) is the first I ever presumed to offer as a Candidate for public Approbation. Should I have failed in the Execution, let no unjust Imputation fall on the System, which (if properly treated) is, by a mutual Display of the Sister Arts, more various and entertaining than mere Speech, un-
relieved

relieved and unassisted by the Power of Harmony; for, in this Species of Drama, the Dilettanti in Music are drawn to coincide with the Lovers of Plays, having every Charm of an Opera, except the Recitative, which (though it raises the Dignity of the Tragic Muse) is not so proper in common Conversation.

By Recitative in Serious Operas, I would not be understood to mean that Species made use of by unskilful Composers, who understand neither Emphasis, Accent, nor even the common Laws of Prosody; but that which is the Result of profound Knowledge in Oratory, as well as Music, wherein the emphatical Parts of Speech are expressed by adequate Sounds, long and short Syllables duly distinguished, and the just Elevation and Depression of Voice in rightly Speaking, ascertained by fixed Sounds, accompanied with harmonious Chords; which (if I understand those Authors, who, from their laborious Researches, have discovered, in part, the Principles of ancient Music, as *Meibomius*, *Isaac Vossius*, &c. and Dr. *Pepusch*, who knew the whole System) is of the same kind as that which was exhibited in *Athens* and *Rome*, when Arts and Sciences, through national Encouragement, were in the Meridian of their Splendor, and which cannot fail now to insinuate itself into the Ears and Hearts of an Audience, as a great Improvement on that over-bearing Harshness, too often the Effect of Exertion in Tragedy.

I am so far from a Tincture of Vanity on account of this Drama, that I have, with all possible Caution, endeavoured to conceal my Name, lest
any

any malevolent Critic should overlook the few Merits of it, and pointing out some venal Errors (which may be done in much greater Authors) wittily, though ill-naturedly, cast the Reflection of—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, on my humble attempt.

As to the Poets, they surely cannot be offended at a Plan of Drama, which has been so acceptable to the Town, as to draw greater Audiences, and for more Nights, than any other Species whatever; and which, besides, opens to the Writer a larger Circuit for his Fancy to range in; giving him, at once, the double Advantage of displaying his Lyric Talent with the Dramatic.

Lastly, The Public, to whose rational Amusement I have dedicated a Life of Study and Labour, may probably treat with some Tenderness the first Exhibition of one, raised by their obliging Favour and Protection to the Pinnacle of his Ambition; I mean, the Honour of being,

Their most obedient,

and dutiful Servant,

The A U T H O R.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Planwell,</i>	<i>Mr. Mattocks.</i>
<i>Sir British Blunt,</i>	<i>Mr. Beard.</i>
<i>Sir Liqueurish Trapgold,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>La Finesse,</i>	<i>Mr. Squibb.</i>
<i>Roger,</i>	<i>Mr. Dyer.</i>
<i>Slouch,</i>	<i>Mr. Dunstall.</i>
<i>Sneider servant to La Finesse,</i>	<i>Mr. Buck.</i>
<i>A servant to Lord Planwell,</i>	
<i>A servant to Flirtilla,</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Flirtilla,</i>	<i>Miss Brent.</i>
<i>Lady Julia,</i>	<i>Miss Hallam.</i>
<i>Pinup</i>	<i>Miss Miller.</i>
<i>Maukin,</i>	<i>Miss Wainwright.</i>
<i>Two Chairmen.</i>	

S C E N E *in* London.

T H E



THE
Guardian Out-witted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Flirtilla's House.

Enter Slouch, Pinup, and Roger.

Slou. **O** Mrs. *Pinup*, I have strange news to tell you——Waunds, it will——

Pin. Come, none of your jabber-----what is it?

Slou. A mortal fierce fellow, in a flaming livery, and speaks broken English, defair'd me to give this letter to you, for Miss *Flirtilla*; he has waited a full hour in the kitchen.

Pin. Who is it from?

Slou. The foreign Markus, I think they call him, that was at Miss's last rout; it seems, he's e'en crazy for love of her.

Pin. Oh, the Marquis *de la Finesse*; 'twill never do; return the letter.

Slou. Yes, Mrs. *Pinup*; but must I return this purse too.

[Shews a purse.

Pin.

B

Pin. A purse! what's in it?

Slou. Waunds, he's main generous; he sent me a guinea, and here's five yellow pieces, which the Swiss fellow says, will breed like de tame pigeon.

Pin. I am loth such pretty breeders should fly away, so give 'em me, I'll try what I can do. Come this way. [Takes the purse.]

Enter Maukin.

Mauk. Pr'ythee, *Slouch*, give this *parlez vous* fellow his answer; he struts and bounces like a tragedy actor, then sings and swears in a breath: If you won't send him packing, I will.

Slou. Look here, *Maukin*, (*Shews the guinea*) now for a new Sunday's gown, hussy.—How many kisses for one-and-twenty shillings?

Mauk. Not a single smack—I'd have you to know, I am none of those fripperies that sell kisses, and so,---your servant, Mr. *Slouch*. [Exit.]

Slou. Waunds, what an alteration is here! She is but a house-maid, and laik'd me well enough, 'till yon Frenchman came, and now, poor *Slouch* may go hoop for a sweetheart.

A I R I.

Like change of the weather-cock always appearing,
The mind of a woman is never at rest;
But light and inconstant, it still will be veering,
From north to the east, and from south to the west.

How mad the essay,

To fix in one way,

A thing that by nature so various does move!

What labour in vain,

To settle a brain,

That's turn'd like a mill with the whimsies of love!

[Exit.]

Roger

Roger and Pinup come forward.

Pin. Come, come, your French dress could not disguise you from me. But what brought you so luckily into this family?

Rog. To conceal nothing from you, I am artfully posted here by Lord *Planwell*, as a spy on Miss *Flirtilla*.

Pin. Your talent will be useless; I'd have you to know, we have no pimping doings here.

Rog. Pimping doings, saucebox! I scorn the office;—my employment is to prevent pimping. Come, what rivals has my Lord, for I must make my report.

Pin. Only a French Marquis, and her old guardian, Sir *Liquorish Trapgold*, both which she despises.

Rog. Sir *Liquorish*! what can favour his pretensions?

Pin. The power to keep her from the possession of seventy thousand pounds, 'till the age of twenty-one.

Rog. Is he rich?

Pin. He has gold enough to gild over the bitter pills of age and impotence.

Rog. 'Tis amazing, that (being himself a lover) he does not prevent my Lord's visits.

Pin. That's impossible! his Lordship has made too deep an impression in her heart, and no wonder—Sure he's the sweetest youth that ever tempted beauty.

Rog. Tempted beauty! his addresses to Miss are honourable.

Pin. Certainly.

Rog. Who the devil does he tempt then?

Pin. Oh somebody, (*biting her apron.*) he ogles, smiles, and looks so killingly!

Rog. At you?

The Guardian Out-witted.

Pin. Why not—Am I so ugly?

Rog. No, nor so handsome neither—I am not so ugly myself, that I need despair of as good as you; and so—your servant— *[going.]*

Pin. Stay, Roger, stay (*he looks back.*) come here, what ails the fool?

Rog. Well, Madam, what now?

Pin. Pr'ythee don't be ridiculous.

Rog. Nor you coquettish.

Pin. So I'm to have no admirer but you?

Rog. I'd have all the world admire you, 'tis a compliment to my choice; but you shou'd fancy no body but me.

Pin. Perhaps I dont. *[with simplicity.]*

Rog. Wou'd I were sure of that—tell me *Dolly*—do you love me?

Pin. I don't know---may be I do---can't you guess.

Rog. Thou bewitching little devil! I wou'd fain settle this matter now; but Lord *Planwell* is impatient to know the state of his own affairs; so adieu, 'till I return.

D U E T T O.

O *Dolly* I part
With a hole in my heart.

Pin. Ah! cease to complain,
For I'll mend it again,

Rog. With what?

Pin. With a kifs.

Rog. Do you love me?

Pin. O yes.

Both. { For wounds of the jealous, no med'cine so sure
As kindness; that balsam alone is the cure.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A Parlour in Lord Planwell's house.

Enter Lord Planwell and Sir British.

Lord *Plan.* O fie, Sir *British*, why all this vapour about a silly woman.

Sir *Brit.* Dear Lord *Planwell*, teaze me no more; I am but too sensible of my weakness.

Lord *Plan.* What the plague had you, a plain blunt fellow to do with Lady *Julia*, whose whimsical notions my natural partiality as a brother, can't undertake to defend? one who continually poring in romances, expects to be address'd in that rhodomontade jargon?

Sir *Brit.* Admitting the truth of this, can I be blind to such glaring beauty? or does your Lordship think my hopes presumptuous in seeking a tender alliance, which will endear the brother to the friend?

Lord *Plan.* I need not repeat my ardent wishes for your success; but as my sister's fortune is in her own hands, and she absolute mistress of her choice, I am loth to interpose an assum'd authority; which might change her present indifference into aversion.

Sir *Brit.* That indifference, my Lord, never appear'd 'till her intimacy with *La Finesse*. 'Sdeath, can I tamely see a foreigner rival an *Englishman*?

Lord *Plan.* That foreigner, Sir *British*, is a man of quality.

Sir *Brit.* There I confess my want of faith: *Marquis* is a good travelling title, and has often introduc'd a foreign sharper into the best company. He certainly speaks *French* with great fluency; but his idioms and accent savour more of the *Swiss* than the *Parisien*.

6 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord *Plan*. He plays deep, and knows the best of the lay ; besides he appears not at Court, which raises suspicion to almost a certainty ; his title and dependance shall be carefully examin'd ; in the interim, be not surpriz'd that Lady *Julia*'s vanity is struck with so glaring an equipage.

Sir *Brit*. I'll have a chariot shall out-dazzle his, and twenty servants in flaming liveries.

Lord *Plan*. All foreigners ?

Sir *Brit*. All *English*—not a bag among 'em.

Lord *Plan*. Oh 'twill never do ; that's confoundedly against you.

Sir *Brit*. Then be it so ; by *Jove* I'd rather lose a *Venus*, than entertain foreign domestics, to shut out my poor countrymen.

Lord *Plan*. But fashion, Sir *British* ?

Sir *Brit*. Rot the fashion ! 'tis a corrupt one, and wants reformation.

Lord *Plan*. Since you are so sanguine in the cause of reformation, what other matters come under the rod of your correction ?

Sir *Brit*. I mean not to carry my humour into excess : I wou'd encourage the ingenious and learned of other nations for the improvement of my own ; but where the merit of a foreigner and a fellow subject are of equal balance, natural affection should incline me to turn the scale in favour of my countryman.

A I R II.

Oh how glorious the claim
Of a Patriot to fame
Whom fortune has rais'd to the top of her wheel ;
If his pow'r he direct,
Britain's sons to protect,
As brothers and friends to the great common weal.

Thus *Athenians* of old,
As in story we're told,
On national efforts their sanction bestow'd,
And the *Romans* beside
With an emulous pride,
Made that track of virtue to glory the road.

Then let Patriot care
Native genius but rear,
Fair science, that blossom, will soon be in bloom ;
Solid wisdom our guide,
Home bred arts will preside,
And rival the honours of *Greece* and of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A card to your Lordship.

Lord Plan. Sir *British*, you'll excuse me ?

Sir Brit. That ceremony's needless.

Lord Plan. (to the *Servant*.) My compliments,
their visit will oblige me. [*Exit Servant.*]

Sir Brit. My Lord, I take my leave.

Lord Plan. By no means; the card is from Lady
Julia, who begs leave to introduce your rival.

Sir Brit. Plague on him, he with her ?

Lord Plan. Well, and what then ? You wou'd
not, I hope, make a jealous heat the foil to set off
his spritely humour ?

Sir Brit. Will your Lordship be my counsel in
this suit ?

8 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord *Plan.* Yes, and without fee, as thus—re-nounce that paganism, which worships an idol of your own creation, and when the Marquis with distant awe, approaches his mock divinity; catch her in your arms, hiss her, teaze her, and treat her as a mortal woman, compos'd of flesh and blood, and the natural passions that attend them.

Sir *Brit.* But will not this appear rather indelicate?

Lord *Plan.* Indelicate, ha, ha, ha! these sleepy beauties, like faint embers, have latent fire, that must be rous'd; a sigh is too weak to blow it to a flame. (*a knocking.*) But here they come—Now Knight remember that your temper is the cork to this prescription; if that flies out, the spirit of the recipe will evaporate.

S C E N E III.

Enter La Finesse and Lady Julia.

Lady *Jul.* Brother, good morning—The Count and I—

Lord *Plan.* In this kind visit do me honour; but dear *Julia*, don't affect to be near sighted; here's a warm friend of yours.

Lady *Jul.* Oh—Sir *British*— [Curtsey's.

Sir *Brit.* Your Ladyship's devoted— [Salutes her.

Lady *Jul.* Give me leave, Sir, to introduce the flower of *France*, Monsieur Le Marquis de la *Finesse*, who would gladly rank in the number of your friends.

Fin. Me praud to shew de grand esteem for such noble personage.

[Salutes Lord *Plan.* then goes to Sir *Brit.*

Sir *Brit.* Hold Sir! your pardon!—These lips are soft and warm enough for me. [Kisses Lady *Julia.*

Fin. Be dis de *English* fashion?

Sir *Brit.* Yes, Sir; sincerity is our characteristic; the right hand is a bond of friendship with the men; and our lips the seals of love with the Ladies.

Fin.

The Guardian Out-witted. 9

Fin. De *Francois* polì be more passionè vid de faine woman, he gaze wid admiration of her beauty; den breatha de soft sigh—dus---she pity him, he smaile at his success, and wid de voice of love, trough de list'ning ear, make de passage to de heart.

A I R III.

When, from beauty, sweetly blooming,
Lovers force th' unwilling kifs,
Oft the lover, too presuming,
Forfeits all his future blifs :
Rude attacks are anger's fuel,
Gentle sighs the heart subdue ;
Once obtain that precious jewel,
Soon you'll gain the casket too.

Sir Brit. You have had, Sir, free liberty to display the talent *Francois*, 'tis my turn now to address her like a *Briton*.

A I R IV.

Turn hither, bright maid,
And scorn to degrade
The value I set on your charms :
With love and desire,
See how I'm on fire,
And burn to be clasp'd in your arms.
[*Presses her warmly.*]

Lord Plan. Look sharp, Marquis, or you'll lose your mistress : A heart of iron must soften in the flame of such a furnace.

Fin. Den me take it out of de faire—Madame—Your Ladyship promise me de honour of your company to *Ford's*.

Lady

10 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lady *Jul.* O Lud! that's true; he has a sale of curiosities.

Sir *Brit.* Shall I attend your Ladyship.

Lady *Jul.* O no: your bold freedoms have thrown you into disgrace.

Sir *Brit.* What—part in anger?

Lady *Jul.* Let me look in your face, and I'll tell you.

A I R V.

One mark of concern

I cannot discern,

Nor sign of repentance,

To soften your sentence—

A harden'd assurance I swear: [*he goes to her.*]

O Lud! keep away;

I hate your horse play:

With rage I am glowing;—

You know where I'm going,—

But follow me, Sir, if you dare.

[*Exeunt Fin. and Lady Julia.*]

Lord *Plan.* Well, Knight, what think you of my counsel?

Sir *Brit.* That I shall gain my cause; by *Jove*, 'twas a master-piece. Shall we follow her to *Ford's*?

Lord *Plan.* That I apprehend to be needless; we shall certainly meet her at *Flirtilla's*.

Sir *Brit.* Now you mention *Flirtilla*, is not your Lordship alarm'd at the flighty disposition of that capricious beauty?

Lord *Plan.* Not at all; I worship her, as the goddess of whims and airs.

Sir *Brit.* Then her particular marks of favour to Sir *Liquorish Trapgold*?

Lord *Plan.* Mere wheedling arts to soften his power as a Guardian.

Sir

The *Guardian Out-witted.* II

Sir *Brit.* Lastly, her propensity to gaming?

Lord *Plan.* That indeed is worst of all; but I shall reform her.

Sir *Brit.* Ha, ha, ha! a rake reform a coquet!

Lord *Plan.* You have some right to laugh; but be that as it may; by heaven, I love her so, that I could grow enamour'd of her follies.

A I R VI.

When, with rapture and amaze,
On that heav'nly form I gaze,
From each glance of those bright eyes,
Some new pointed arrow flies.

Oft' when glaring faults prevail,
I reprove, and fret, and rail,
Swear to break my galling chain,
Look—and am in love again. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *A Parlour.*

Flirtilla looking at her watch.

Flir. Hey-day! not ten o'clock, and I risen! well, miracles are not ceas'd.---But what's the cause of this wonder?---An uneasy mind,---Sure a pack of cards is a gang of thieves, to rob one of one's money.---What a lucky deal had Lady *Sequence*, in the last game for a hundred, to shew four-and-twenty in hand and crib, which made her out to a point!---I dread to examine my stock---and yet I must (*opens a purse.*) O lamentable! only twelve guineas, and this bank note for thirty pounds. Well, I must e'en have recourse to the old remedy, an application to my Guardian: thank heaven he is coming home; now cou'd my wit furnish me with some probability
of

12 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

of the stocks rising, it might warm him to receive a favourable impression of my present necessity.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir *Liquorish* Trapgold.

Flir. Shew him in.

[*Exit. Serv.*]

Enter Sir Liquorish singing.

A I R VII.

Come, come to my arms, pretty miss,
Jump, jump to your lover, and kiss;
That we may say,
Another day,
What jumping call you this.

Flir. You are in high spirits, Sir *Liquorish*.

Sir Liq. What shou'd lower them? nothing but the falling of the stocks, I have money, my girl, and constitution to enjoy it.

Flir. I have constitution enough, but---

Sir Liq. Ay, ay, I know the matter, tis a general complaint--- Money is a scarce commodity; but love your Guardy, Eh, he, he? love your Guardy, you little cockatrice, let us tie the gordion knot, and when we have clubb'd our matters together, we'll fling away guineas, as they did medals at the coronation.

Flir. True Guardy; but bargains, you know, have always something to bind 'em.

Sir Liq. Well, what something wou'd you have?

Flir. Nothing, but what you can give me. Lord, you are in such a pleasant humour, that I long to tell you; but you'll turn grave upon't?

Sir Liq. I? no, no, no. By those brilliant eyes,
that

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 13

that sparkle like the crystal stream by moonlight---

Flir. You'll grant my request?

Sir Liq. What, before I hear it?

Flir. 'Tis---'tis---only that you'll advance me a thousand pounds.

Sir Liq. A thousand pounds.

Flir. Yes, Guardy, that will serve for the present.

Sir Liq. Serve for the present!

Flir. O ho, Sir, have I caught you! how stocks are fallen in an instant! but don't be discourag'd, *Sir Liquorish*; I have news will set your spirits afloat, beyond ———, Eau de Luce, or doctor *Busby-wig's* drops.

Sir Liq. Ay? that's worth my attention; but will it increate the public funds?

Flir. You shall judge,---the Cham of *Tartary* has actually contracted with the *East India* company to remit three millions in specie for an adequate exchange of sheeps-skins.

Sir Liq. Three millions!---'tis a monstrous sum; but what authority have you for this surprizing news?

Flir. The best in the kingdom; *Sir Theodore Rattle*, had it yesterday from a noble *Tartar*, lately arriv'd with the commission.

Sir Liq. Nay, 'tis feazable; for sheep-skins are a staple commodity. Bless me! stocks will rise in a night's time, like mushrooms, and money be as plenty as hops.

Flir. Yes, Guardy; but not with me, while you meanly deny me so small a part of my right; but no matter, I know where to have the money.

Sir Liq. Od so, that's a stinger;---she'll borrow it of my rival. (*Aside.*) ---come, I'll make a fair proposal to my sweeting.

Flir. Full of generosity and honour; now for it.

14 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Sir *Liq.* Discharge but that flashy rake, Lord *Planwell*, and my darling shall have the thousand pounds, and a heart as firm as a bond and judgment in the bargain.

Flir. I am a gypsey in love, cross my hand, and I'll tell you your fortune.

Sir *Liq.* I must first to my banker in *Lombard-street*, and then it shall have the thousand pounds, Eh, he, he? it shall touch the ready, so day day, bright eyes!--Rosy cheeks!--Coral lips!--Bie bantling! bie dazie!--Bie, wax work! Eh, he, he.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Flirtilla alone.

Flir. Ha, ha, ha! this trump up news of the Cham of *Tartary* will set the old miser a madding. Oh cou'd I plan some scheme to get my fortune out of his hands; then, with the title of Lady *Planwell*, and the high spirited airs of a woman of Quality, I'd frisk it to routs, operas, plays, ridottos, and every fashionable joy.

A I R VIII.

Then, then how I'll jant it,
Coquet it and flant it,
A Lady the first in renown!
With equipage fine,
And jewels I'll shine,
The Belle, and the Toast of the town:

To the op'ra and play,
I'll roll it away;
There simper, and rattle,
And giggle, and prattle,

'Till

The Guardian Out-witted. 15

'Till galleries take it amiss;
With pride and disdain,
Then chatter again,
And laugh, while the savages hiss. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

A Dressing Room.

Discovers Pinup brushing a comb.

Pin. Wou'd this old guardian of Miss's were gone,
for I am impatient to know the result of the Mar-
quis's letter.

Enter Flirtilla.

Flir. Come, *Pinup*, make haste, and settle my hand-
kerchief.

Pin. Yes, Madam. [Flirtilla sits at the toilet.

Flir. 'Tis mighty odd, *Pinup*, that I have had
no card yet.

Pin. Very unusual, Madam, but here's a letter.

Flir. Who brought it. [Opens it.

Pin. A foreign servant, in livery.

Flir. A foreign servant! bless me! let me see.
(reads the name.) *La Finesse!*

Pin. O Miss, the *French* Marquis that was in-
troduced by Lady *Julia* to your last rout.

Flir. I remember the tawdry thing, how dare you
bring me a letter from him.

Pin. Dear Madam, how shou'd I know who
wrote it?

Flir. Let me see what the gangling creature says
(reads.) Ma belle adorable;---By all that's shocking a
love letter. Ha, ha, ha, poor Lady *Julia* little
thinks of this. (Reads to herself. Rises.) O heaven,
Pinup, what shall I do? he's coming to visit me.

16 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Pin. Do, Ma'am---Let me think---Haven't I often heard you wish for a young lover to plague my Lord with?

Flir. True, and this is the very thing. (*A knocking at the door*) away, see who knock'd. Stay, if 'tis he, my compliments, and I'll wait on him.

[*Exit Pinup.*]

S C E N E VII.

Flirtilla alone.

Flir. 'Tis odd that I should have a settled affection for Lord *Planwell*, and yet take a delight in plaguing him — He promis'd to call this morning; if he should meet the Marquis here, — Heigh ho! I am neither easy with him, nor without him.

A I R IX.

Oh, how great is the vexation,
Tortures many, pleasures few,
From the hour of assignation,
To the happy interview!

Tho' my joy is all transcending,
When the lovely youth I meet;
Doubt, like gall with honey blending,
Soon imbitters all the sweet.

When with careless air he woos me,
(If his courtship I reject!)
Soon by absence he subdues me,
And I'm conquer'd by neglect.

Oh

Oh how great is the vexation;
Tortures many, pleasures few;
From the hour of assignation,
To the happy interview. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

A Parlour.

La Fineffe looking througħ a glass at a picture.

Fin. Jarnie coton! it be very disagreeable ting,
to wait so long; but hark --- I hear de rustling of de
silk---ma foi, me all in a tremble.

Enter Flirtilla.

Pardonnez, Madame, dis presumption. [*Bowing.*

Flir. Presumption, Sir! (*Curtsey's.*) I'll confound
him with civility (*Aside.*) 'tis impossible that so ac-
complish'd a Gentleman can be guilty of presump-
tion---be pleas'd to sit.

Fin. After you, Madame---By gar, she be in
lofe vid my personne. (*They sit.*) dear Lady, for
mai apology, I hope de letter---

Flir. The letter, Sir, is an abstract of the author's
politeness; even Lady Julia's recommendation is
faint, compar'd with your quality, your breeding,
your address, your---

Fin. Permita me den, at your feet, (*kneels.*) to
pay de tribute of mai soul.

A I R X.

J'aime, J'adore, Je languis --- grand Dieux!

C

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Lady Julia.

Fin. Le diable!---

[Aside.

Flir. Shew her Ladyship in.

Fin. O no, for Heaven's sake!---(*in confusion*) Refter Monsieur, stay, Sar!

Flir. Ha, ha, ha! do as I bade you.

[To the servant who goes out.

Flir. Confusion! permit me run into your chamber.

[Runs to the door, she pulls him back.

Flir. O fie, Monsieur! come back---pray what's the matter?

Fin. By Jupiter, me no be seen, for all de varld.

Enter Lady Julia.

Lady Jul. Dear Flirty! *[Going to salute her, sees La Finesse, stops short, and looks amaz'd)* your servant, Sir.

[Curtsey's.

Fin. Serviteur, Madame!

[Bows confused.

Lady Jul. The meeting you here is so agreeable a surprize!---*Flirtilla*, your room, child, is so very close, it has turn'd me sick---pray, my dear, give me some hartshorn.

Fin. And me too.

Flir. Hartshorn! ha! ha! ha! --- They have it both.

[Aside.

Lady Jul. Sly devil! was this the appointment you pleaded? pardon, Miss, I fear, my ignorance of this Gentleman's happiness has made me guilty of an intrusion?

Flir. Quite the contrary, child; for this lucky visit has prevented these fatal eyes from committing murther; I assure you the Marquis was just expiring at my feet.

Lady Jul. O base deceiver!

Fin.

The Guardian Out-witted. 19

Fin. Indeed, Miss *Flirtilla* make de jest of your Ladyship and me too : Dis be de real case --- Me in lose to distraction wid de *Englis* musique, and hearing moche of dis Lady's voice and judgment; me implore on my knee de honour of her singing dis new Duetto wid me; dat is all. (*Takes a music paper from his pocket and shews it Lady Julia.*)

Flir. (*Aside.*) Well said, Marquis, 'tis a pity so ready an excuse should lose its effect --- I'll e'en favour the deceit--- (*To the Marquis.*) Oblige me, Sir, with the sight of it. (*He gives it her.*) Oh! 'tis a favourite of mine; I know the upper part by heart.

Fin. And I de onder.

Flir. Lord that's clever---suppose for the whim's sake, that we try it in action, don't your Ladyship think it will heighten the expression?

Lady Jul. Oh vastly, sweet friend forgive my mistake; 'Twas a sudden alarm of pride; not of Love, I assure you --- now I'm prepar'd to hear.

D U E T T O.

Fin. Wen dy beauties ai survey,
Gazing dus my soul away;
When my pulse forgeta to move,
Need I tell how moche I lose?

Flir. Ah! too well th' expressive eye,
Can the want of words supply;
And induce kind maids to grant
That soft pity, which they want.

Fin. Sweet confession!

Flir. —————Fond excess!

Both. Who can love and utter less!

Alternately. { I faint, I die,
 And so do I.

[*They sink into each others arms.*]

20 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lady Jul. My stars, they'll faint in earnest.

[Runs to part 'em.]

Enter abruptly, Lord Planwell and Sir British.

Sir Brit. Confusion!

Lord Plan. Astonishment!

Flir. O my Lord! --- [Goes to him, he rejects her.]

Lord Plan. Away, vain trifler!

Lady Jul. But, Sir British---

Sir Brit. Excuses are fruitless.

Fin. Vat all dis mean? [To Lady Julia.]

Lady Jul. Nay, 'tis a mystery to me. [To Finesse.]

Fin. Sir! [To Sir British.]

Sir Brit. Sir! [Angrily to the Count, who starts.]

Flir. My hot-brain'd Lord!---

Lord Plan. My cool-brain'd Lady!---

Flir. Jealous, by all that's foolish.

Lord Plan. (*feigning a laugh.*) Faith, Madam, you're beside the mark---No, no,---not so bad as that neither.

Flir. Now won't my pride suffer me to explain this ridiculous affair. [Aside.]

Sir Brit. Come, my Lord, let's be gone.

Lord Plan. With all my heart---never to return.
[Lord Plan. and Sir Brit. going.]

Quintette in the Burletta style.

Flir. Stay, tyrant, O stay!

Lord Plan. Deluder away!

Flirt. { I vow and protest,
Lady Jul. } 'Twas all but a jest,

Lord Plan. O silly pretence!

Sir Brit. O shallow defence!

Pin. Permit me, my Lord,
To put in a word?

Lord

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 21

Lord *Plan.* Well, what wou'd you say, Sir?
Fin. You're jealous,
 Lord *Plan.* What?
 Sir *Brit.* Ha, Sir?
Flirt. } Keep temper for shame. [*To Lord Plan.*
 and } Indeed you're too blame. [*To Sir Brit.*
 Lady *Jul.* }
All. } Gods! why are we destin'd to prove,
 } No sweet, with the bitter of love!
 Sir *Brit.* Few words, and to action,
 I'll have satisfaction.
 Hark you, Sir, in your ear---
Fin. Ai tremble with fear.
Flir. What rancour and spite!
 Sir *Brit.* Come out, Sir, and fight.
 Lady *Jul.* He shall not I swear.
 Sir *Brit.* He dares not.
Fin. Ai dare.
Flir. For my sake---
 Lady *Jul.* For mine,
Both. This fury decline.
 Lord *Plan.* { Who fears to engage,
 and { Is not worth { your } rage.
 Sir *Brit.* { my }

C H O R U S.

What torturing pain,
 Poor lovers sustain,
 Their freedom dissolv'd into air :
 Like madmen, in vain,
 They rattle the chain,
 That fate has ordain'd them to wear.

End of the First Act.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Housekeeper's Room.

Enter Roger and Maukin.

Rog. **W**ELL child, upon the whole, what do you think of me?

Mauk. (*Looks earnestly at him*) I daunt know. Mother tauld me, if I shew too much liking to a mon, he'll slight and despise me for't. [*Aside.*]

Rog. Come, my dear, now you have examin'd the goods, are you a chap, or no?

Mauk. I mun first know what price you set upon 'em?

Rog. Nothing less than love.---I'm at a word.

Mauk. My goods shall go to the same market.

Rog. If love be the coin to purchase you, I'll out-bid the world.——Now, in return, run to me, like a girl of spirit, kiss me, and welcome me to my new place.

Pinup appears at the side Scene.

Pin. Ha! *Roger* and *Maukin* together! I'll listen.

Rog. Well——why don't you come?

Mauk. Marry come up! if a kiss ben't worth taking, it an't worth having.

Rog. Worth taking! I'd row seven years in the galleys, for so sweet a reward. [*Kisses her eagerly.*]

Pin. O the base fellow!

Mauk. Laud, what a taking way you have, *Roger*?

Rog. Yes, my dear, I'll take all you'll give me.

Pin. So!

Mauk.

The Guardian Out-witted. 23

Mank. And not much neither.

Rog. But why, my sweet wench!

Pin. Sweet wench too!

Mauk. Because Mrs. Pinup has a taking way, as well as you, and will leave nothing for an under servant.

Rog. Phaw! never mind her.

Pin. I can hold no longer.

[*Moves gently towards them.*]

Rog. She is, indeed, an old Berkshire acquaintance, and I wish the poor thing well; but as to love, she must excuse me—the face won't do—no, no, no, the face won't do. [Pinup goes between them.]

Pin. No, no, no, the face won't do. (*they divide and look astonish'd.*) A'n't you a pretty rascal?—And you, Mrs. Trundle-mop! Is this your way of doing your business? though I believe you may save yourself that trouble, for he'll soon do it for you. (*turns to him.*) Uh, you sneaking poltroon!

[*Walks disturb'd.*]

Rog. Zounds! I am tongue-ty'd.

Pin. (*to Maukin.*) How dare you stay, trollop? be gone to your work, hussy!

Mauk. So I can, for the matter of that;—Odslife, what a pother is here, indeed, because the mon likes me better than you!

A I R XI.

Tho' in my Lady's cloaths prink'd out,

You proudly strut and flaunt about

In satin, silk, and lace;

Yet I in homely russet gown,

Thus forc'd to slave it up and down,

Can shew as good a faace;

24 The Guardian Out-witted.

Then turn not up your lip in scorn ;

A lowly girl to fortune born,

Is no uncommon thing.

The blooming rose, from meanest plaace,

Has oft' been pluck'd to sweetly grace

The boosom of a King.

S C E N E IV.

Roger and Pinup.

Pin. Fine encouragement you have given this forward slut ; but if I a'n't even with you both, may I be a hag at thirty.—Now, Sir, what have you to say ?

Rog. Ha, ha, ha ! I am the luckiest dog, the most fortunate rascal in the world.

Pin. Hey-day ! what does the fellow mean ?

Rog. See there now, with all your wit, you can't find out the joke.

Pin. Faith, Sir, you have it all to yourself ; pr'ythee speak to be understood ; I'm not in a fooling humour.

Rog. Then smooth the wrinkles of that angry brow ; turn that sullen mimic of the mouth into a pleasing smile, such as none but my *Dolly* can give, and I'll make you as wise as myself in a minute.

Pin. Well——there then——he, he, he ! (*Seems in temper, and forces a laugh.*) Come, out with it ?

Rog. Why----ha, ha, ha ! I can scarce tell you for laughing, ha, ha, ha !---but, in short, casting my eye thus, (*looks askant.*) I saw you upon the watch, and somewhat jealous of your warm expression this morning in behalf of Lord *Planwell*, a sudden thought struck me, to put your love to the

proof,

The Guardian Out-witted. 25

proof, by seeming fond of that silly wench. Faith, my dear, you was confoundedly piqu'd, wasn't you?

Pin. Let me consider——an artful devil!——how shall I requite him?---I'll e'en seem to take this gilded bolus; but hang me, if I don't soon give him another shall choak him in the swallowing. [*Aside.*]

Rog. Well, thou dear mistress of my heart, are you satisfied?

Pin. I shall better determine from your future behaviour.

Rog. I am content; but before I leave you, let me recommend you to your looking-glass; that will convince you, that 'till I am fool enough to prefer a shilling to a guinea, I shall have wit enough to know the superior value of my *Dolly*. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Pinup alone.

Pin. The rogue has surely dip'd his tongue in honey; but all won't do, for I'm convinc'd of his falshood. When Lord *Planwell* comes——Oh the dear spiteful thought---It has already half balanc'd accounts between this knave and me.

A I R XII.

The parrot freed from wiry grate,
And pleas'd with fond caress;
Will perch on finger, sing, and prate,
Her partial love express.

But treated ill, she's on the watch;
The seed of spite is sown;
Poll stooping, feigns to beg a scratch,
And bites you to the bone.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

26 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

S C E N E VI. *A Dining-Room.*

Lord Planwell and Sir British.

Lord Plan. (*Reading a letter.*) 'Tis from *Flirtilla* but you shall hear it.

My dear jealous-pated Lord,

“ The mighty matter that put you and your
“ friend *Blunderbuss* in such a rage,” [*Laughs.*

Sir Brit. Pert enough; but go on.

Lord Plan. (*Reads.*) “ Was only an innocent
“ whim, to try my skill, in acting a Duetto, which
“ the Marquis brought in his pocket. If you and
“ *Sir British* will do me the honour to drink tea,
“ and spend the evening, at a miniature-rout, I
“ have propos'd; I make no doubt of a perfect
“ reconciliation. Yours,

Flirtilla Richland.

Sir Brit. I have a letter of the like import, from
Lady Julia, with this addition. (*Reads.*) “ I cor-
“ dially despis'd the Marquis as a lover, before he
“ had the confidence to address *Flirtilla*”——

Ld. Plan. Address *Flirtilla*! Death, I shall relapse.

Sir Brit. Have patience. (*Reads.*) “ And am
“ convinc'd, she had no design, but to laugh at
“ him, play at piquet, and teize *Lord Planwell*.”

Lord Plan. What think you of the matter?

Sir Brit. I think the oracle at *Delphos* never dealt
more in mysteries, nor clear'd them half so well.

Lord Plan. They are twin-stars, and we poor
sublunary beings, born to act under their direction.

Sir Brit. I remember a song, that pays us no
great compliment on this occasion.

Lord Plan. Pray let me hear it.

Sir Brit. With all my heart.

A I R XIII.

Sir Brit. Ye dotards, who sigh
For the love-darting eye;
Or pine for a sip
Of the sweet coral lip,
Close fetter'd by soft beauty's chains;
While wisdom mistaking,
This pother you keep,
Your folly is waking,
Your wits are asleep,
So take the fool's cap for your pains.

Come all in a string,
Who have danc'd in love's ring,
In morrices gay,
Tho' the time slipp'd away;
Pray reckon the most of your gains;
By wenching and revels,
Ye've shorten'd your lives,
Or marriage, poor devils,
Has link'd you to wives,
Then take the fool's cap for your pains.

Lord Plan. Pretty encouragement for young beginners! But, we, like our brave sailors must be storming forts; tho' we risk the loss of our limbs, or being made prisoners for life.

Sir Brit. Pray, my Lord, should you marry *Flirtilla*, how are you to come at her fortune? Her Guardian has a ticket in this lottery, and should it come up a blank, will turn desperate.

Lord Plan. The master stroke would be to baffle his malice,

Sir

28 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Sir *Brit.* I think, I can parry that, and hit him afterwards.---Your Lordship cannot have forgotten, a pretty smart wench, who (before your travels) liv'd with me as a mistress.

Lord *Plan.* What, little *Sprightly*?

Sir *Brit.* The same. My father being then alive, my finances at low ebb, and she a high flyer, I baited a trap for Sir *Liquorish*, in which he was caught: in short, by my advice, she marry'd him, and went with him to *Portugal*, where, heartily sick of her companion, and warmly besieg'd by a rich *Spanish* merchant, she went off with him to *Spain*.

Lord *Plan.* But the result of this?

Sir *Brit.* To prevent her husband's further enquiry, she procur'd letters, to assure him of her death, which he, even now, firmly believes; but not to keep you longer in suspense, I'll read what concerns you in this letter, which, within this hour, I receiv'd from her, with a material paper inclosed.

[*mutters part of it.*]

Lord *Plan.* I am all impatience.

Sir *Brit.* O here it begins---(*reads out*) "The
" love and gratitude I owe to Miss *Flirtilla*, for
" the numerous obligations, confer'd on me and
" my family, by her noble father, Sir *William Rick-*
" *land*, have determin'd me to do her justice; my
" husband conceals from the young Lady a most
" important writing, sign'd by Sir *William*, and
" witnessed by my brother *Jack*, now a Lieutenant
" at *Martinico*. The inclosed is an exact copy,
" which I took for Miss *Flirtilla*'s service."

Lord *Plan.* Generous wench!

Sir *Brit.* Stay, my Lord, here's a postscript. (*Reads*)

" Sir *Liquorish* was not present at the executing the
" inclosed writing; nor ever saw my brother."

Lord *Plan.* That's lucky; but the writing?

Sir *Brit.* 'Tis an after clause, by way of amendment of the will,---please to read it.

[*Reads*
Lord

Lord *Plan.* "Whereas it is my earnest desire,
 "that my beloved daughter *Flirtilla Rickland*, shall
 "wed nobly, be this after clause an amendment
 "of my last will and testament. *Viz.* That if she
 "inter-marry with a Peer of *Great-Britain*, the
 "guardianship and trust, reposed in Sir *Liquorish*
 "Trapgold, shall immediately cease, and her legacy
 "of seventy thousand pounds be paid into her own
 "hands on the day of marriage, the necessary ex-
 "pences attending such guardianship being first
 "defray'd; any thing contained in my said last
 "will and testament to the contrary notwithstand-
 "ing."———*William Rickland.* Fortunate chance,
 sure I'm transported to the mid regions, and tread
 on air.

Sir *Brit.* Hold, my Lord, you have tun'd your
 string a little too sharp,---how are you to come at
Jack's evidence?

Lord *Plan.* We can prove Sir *William's* hand-
 writing, which will do as well.

Sir *Brit.* I fear the contrary; the witness being
 abroad, Sir *Liquorish* will plead that this copy is
 counterfeit, and has no original.

Lord *Plan.* That indeed is probable; but let me
 think---cou'd not we substitute some clever fellow,
 to represent the Lieutenant? what do you think of
 my trusty servant, *Roger*?

Sir *Brit.* Perfectly well of his abilities; but per-
 haps Sir *Liquorish* has seen him at *Flirtilla's*.

Lord *Plan.* I believe, not, for he went there but
 this morning; besides the alteration of dress, and
 character will sufficiently conceal him.

Sir *Brit.* In faith, I begin to relish it.

Lord *Plan.* Then I'll instantly to Captain *Parade*,
 who is exactly of *Roger's* size, and borrow his re-
 gimentals.

Sir *Brit.* But how will his attendance on *Flirtilla*
 be dispens'd with?

Lord

30 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord *Plan*. As she knows *Jack Spritely*, and I must introduce *Roger* to her in his name, I'll let her into so much of my scheme, as shall make her passive in the matter.

Sir *Brit*. Well, success attend you.

A I R XIV.

Lord *Plan*. Oh the rapture past expressing,
 To dispel soft beauty's care,
 And with blessing still on blessing,
 Make he happy, as she's fair!
 Dimpled smiles those cheeks adorning,
 Where fond *Cupid* basking lies;
 In the rosy sweets of morning,
 And the sun-shine of her eyes. [*Exit*.

S C E N E VII.

Sir British alone.

Sir *Brit*. Now are my Lord and *Flirtilla*, Lady *Julia* and myself, going to hoist sail for the island of *Citharea*---heaven send us a prosperous voyage.

A I R XV.

Daughter fair of mighty *Jove*,
 Source of pleasure, Queen of love,
 Thy influence we court :
 While on the stream of hope we glide,
 Direct the wind, becalm the tide,
 And bring us safe to port ——— [*Exit*.

S C E N E VIII.

*A Dining-room in Flirtilla's House, Card-table,
and Cards.*

La Fineffe, and Flirtilla.

Flirt. O insufferable; I have laid out a quatorze; but I shall certainly capot you.

Fin. Dat Miss vil avail you little---dere be de point, quint, and quatorze. [*Lays down the cards.*

Flirt. Burn the cards! (*throws them down*) Grant me patience, heaven!--point, quint and quatorze upon me three times in half an hour! 'tis too much to bear---sure some malignant planet strikes me---I'll tempt my fate no further. (*rises in passion, they come forward*) Pray, Sir, what am I in your debt?

Fin. Tree game, for a hondred each, be tree hondred paund, and de last game, dooble or quitta, make just six hondred.

Flirt. I have not so much cash by me; but if you'll honour me with your company this evening, I'll discharge the obligation.

Fin. Sweet Lady, me no fail to pay my respect; but be onder no concern for dat bagatelle. De Marquis *de la Fineffe* despisa de money, ven beauty, like yours, will condescend to balance a debt of tousands.

A I R XVI.

Such were *Danae's* charms of old,

When great *Jove*,

Subdu'd by love,

Woo'd her in a show'r of gold,

Splendor won the lovely maid,

Ev'ry charm she then display'd.

The Guardian Out-witted.

Auburn tresses, loosely flowing,
Bosom soft, with ardour glowing,

Heart relenting,

Eyes consenting,

Made the God such beauty prize,

Far above his native skies.——

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Flirtilla alone.

Flirt. Insolent presumer!----abject *Flirtilla!*----
Now am I so deeply stung by this instance of my
folly, that if I thought Lord *Planwell's* generosity
wou'd scorn a triumph o'er my reformation, I'd
frankly acknowledge my errors, and forswear gam-
ing, with every deceitful pleasure, that carries a
sting in its consequence.

A I R XVII.

From assaults on tempting beauty,

Timely fly ye cautious fair;

Join an inward sense of duty,

To an outward modest air:

These like watchful guards attend us,

When licentious foes are near;

These from insult base defend us,

Striking vice with awe and fear.

S C E N E X.

Enter Sir Liquorish.

Sir *Liq.* Ha, ha!--my pretty ward, have I caught
you alone! by my two favourite deities *Bacchus* and
Venus, I am glad of it with all my heart: Come to
my faithful arms---kiss me, poppet, kissy, kissy,
eh,

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 33

eh, he, he! (*kisses her.*) Well, my little pomgranate, have you given Lord *Planwell* his quietus?

Flirt. He has it, I assure you. And so shall you too before I have done with you. [*Aside.*]

Sir Liq. And wasn't it a choak pear? Lud, lud, what a rage he must have been in, didn't he bluster and swear, and threaten to challenge me?

Flirt. O yes, at first; but I soon reduc'd his high spirit; Hark you, my Lord, says I, Sir *Liquorish* is a Magistrate.

Sir Liq. So.

Flirt. And a respectable member of the Quorum.

Sir Liq. So.

Flirt. And though his oath to preserve the King's peace, prevents his breach of it, by drawing a sword.---

Sir Liq. Excellent.

Flirt. He can draw a warrant, or a mittimus with any man.

Sir Liq. No chuck---they are ready printed, and my clerk fills them up; but I can sign one.

Flirt. Yes---but that he disputed.

Sir Liq. What! did he think I set my mark?

Flirt. Indeed I'm afraid so.

Sir Liq. An irreverent traducer of magisterial dignity! I'll bring an action of *scandalum magnatum*, I'll indite him for a leveller, od I'll-----

Flirt. But, Sir,-----

Sir Liq. Hark you, *Flirtilla*! --You shall swear that he threaten'd to challenge me, and I'll swear the peace against him.

Flirt. Both these extremes might certainly be carried into execution---

Sir Liq. Might! by the blood of the *Trapgold's* they shall.

Flirt. Dear Guardy, don't let your choler boil over your judgment;---let us weigh this matter, and throw passion out of the scale.

34 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Sir Liq. Well, well; I am cool.

Flirt. Will it be consistent with the character of a Lady of family and fortune to turn evidence at *Hicks's-Hall*?

Sir Liq. That, indeed, I did not consider.

Flirt. Or---but I beg pardon.

Sir Liq. No, no,---go on.

Flirt. Do you think I love you?

Sir Liq. To desperation.

Flirt. (O the incorrigible fool) how then cou'd I bear to be told that a Gentleman of your great spirit and honour was posted about the town for an errant coward?

Sir Liq. Odso, that's true.

Flirt. Nay more; perhaps that your noble acquiline nose was half twisted off, and that venerable person kick'd in a publick Coffee-room.

Sir Liq. O the devil! the very thought makes me tremble. *[Aside.]*

Flirt. All this mischief I wisely prevented, by clinching the nail at once.

Sir Liq. Now for it?

Flirt. Pray my Lord, said I, what avail these blustering airs, from one, who is the sole object of my affections.

Sir Liq. Speaking of him?

Flirt. Bless me! sure you are thick of hearing?

Sir Liq. I beg pardon.

Flirt. I was speaking to him concerning you, whom he knows to be my aversion.

Sir Liq. What the plague, am I your aversion?

Flirt. There again now! Dear Sir, take care of this deafness, put on a fuller wig, and sleep in two or three more night-caps; I assure you, I don't like it.

Sir Liq. Edod, nor I neither; and I'll take your advice.

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 35

Flirt. Well! that's so obliging! eh, you good-natur'd creature!

Sir *Liq.* Eh, he, he! but now to the point; I love to stick to the point---shall I bespeak the wedding ring?

Flirt. Well, and how then, Guardy?

Sir *Liq.* Why then, my pretty turtle, to the Commons for a licence---then to church---and then-----

A I R XVIII.

Heigh for my lass, and a bottle to chear,
And a thumping bantling ev'ry year,

With skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry,
It's eyes, as black as a floe,

And lips as red as a cherry :

Sing rowzy, towzy,

Rantum, scantum,

Laugh and lie down is the play;

We'll cuddle together,

To keep out the weather,

And kiss the cold winter away.

Flirt. But all this while, Guardy, you have never thought of the thousand pounds, you was to advance me.

Sir *Liq.* The thousand pounds!---ay, true---'tis a great deal of money, and stocks are not likely to rise; for your private intelligence, concerning the Cham of *Tartary* and the sheep-skins, wants confirmation. *[Flirtilla laughs aside.]*

Flirt. If my success must depend on the Cham of *Tartary*, I am sure I have no business with you, and so, Sir--your servant!

[Going.]
Sir

36 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Sir *Liq.* Stay, my dear, *Flirty*, stay, (*She turns back.*) Lord, what a nettle you are in, forsooth! come hither, thou dear intended wife of my bosom; I have the money ready, and my sweetening may depend on it.

Flirt. That, Sir, deserves my thanks. [*Curtsey's.*

Sir *Liq.* But you shall first go with me to *Zoffani's*, and see your Guardy upon canvass,---'tis a present for thee, my rose-bud, 'tis a present for thee.

Flirt. Well that's vastly obliging I protest—
what a pleasure 'twill be to have an exact copy of
so great an original! [*Ironically.*

Sir *Liq.* Eh, he, he, pretty fondling!---Suppose Lord *Planwell*, spite of the rebuff you gave him, thou'd have the presumption to come again---how would my darling treat him.

Flirt. You shall hear.----Now suppose yourself present, which, you know, may happen to be the case.

A I R XIX.

When proudly he vents the o'erflow of his gall,
I'll slightly answer—who cares?

As smart as his Lordship, as proper and tall,
I warrant I'll match him for airs:

E'en thou'd he repent,
I will not relent;

A truce with your courtship, say I:

He takes me aside;
I summon my pride,
Then angrily cry,
For shame! O fie!

I cannot---I must not---I will not comply:

A fig for his wit, if he cannot tell why. [*Aside.*

Amaz'd

Amaz'd how his Lordship will startle to see,
 That tho' other lasses,
 Adore, as he passes,
 Dear sixty-five is the lover for me ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Roger.

Rog. By a glimpse of the Marquis, when he enter'd, I have a faint remembrance of having seen him either in *Italy* or *Germany*, but cannot recollect particulars, nor drive out of my head a strong suspicion of his being a counterfeit. *Slouch* is intimate with the *Swift* that attends him, I'll set him on to pump the fellow out of his Master's real name and character. If my wit has line enough to plumb the bottom of that secret, I'll lay open to his Lordship my whole packet of intelligence. [Going.

Enter Pinup.

Pin. Hold Sir ! whither so fast ?

Rog. Only to the kitchen. [A knocking.

Pin. See who knocks, (he goes to the door.) if it be my Lord ; then Roger, have at you !

Enter Lord Planwell,

Lord Plan. So, Roger, is your Lady within ?

Rog. No, my Lord, she went out with Sir *Liquorish*,

Lord Plan. (taking him aside.) Don't fail to call on me in an hour ; Pinup shall make your excuse ?

Rog. I will not fail. [Aside.

Lord Plan. Ha, pretty Mrs. Pinup ! how is't with you ?

Pin. Thank your Lordship---will you please to walk into the parlour ? my Lady will soon return,

38 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord *Plan*. With all my heart; but you (*chucks her under the chin.*) must go with me; I have particular business with you.

Pin. With me, my Lord?

Lord *Plan*. Yes, you bewitching forceress, with you---rot me if you don't grow handsomer every day.

Pin. Pshaw, my Lord!

Lord *Plan*. What a complexion is there! can that bloom be natural?

Pin. Indeed, my Lord, you'll affront me; shall I wash my face to convince you?

Lord *Plan*. No child; if those roses and lillies be real, they must have a fragrance equal to their bloom: I'll smell 'em as they grow.

Pin. Dear, my Lord?

[*He kisses her.*

Rog. O the complying minx!

[*Aside.*

Pin. Your Lordship has done me the honour to take away my breath.

[*Curtfying.*

Rog. Death, must I bear all this!

[*Aside.*

Lord *Plan*. Hark you, *Pinup*!

Pin. My Lord!

[*Goes to him.*

Rog. Confound her? she's fond of him;

[*Aside, and stamps in a rage.*

Lord *Plan*. (*Softly to her.*) That fellow is too ob-servant; step with me into the parlour?

Rog. Shall I wait on your Lordship?

Lord *Plan*. No Sir; I have particular business with her.

Rog. O rot your business!

[*Aside.*

Pin. Dear me! what should we do in the parlour?

Lord *Plan*. Look at the pictures, talk nonsense; nay twenty things, that we can't do here.

A I R XX.

If I prefs to am'rous play ;
Swear you'll go.---Yet kindly stay :
When my passion runs too high ;
Pat me thus---and fay---O fie !
If that Iv'ry neck I claim ;
Sweetly blush---and cry---for shame !
While fuch joy in folly lies,
He's an afs that wou'd be wife.
[Exit with Pinup.

S C E N E XII.

Roger alone.

Rog. What's to be done !--O sweet revenge ! I'll
ftand at the door, that my Lady may enter with-
out knocking. (*Opens the door.*) The chariot ftops,
—Now, now, faithlefs harlot, I fhall requite your
falshood.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Flirtilla and Sir Liquorish.

Flirt. What visitors, fince I went out ?

Rog. Lord Planwell, Madam, waits in the parlour ?

Sir Liq. Now, deary, give him his final anfwer.

Flirt. Never fear, Sir ; he fhall foon know his de-
pendance. [Exit Flirt. and Sir Liq.

Rog. I'll to the next room, and liften.

[Runs out.

S C E N E XIV.

A Parlour. Lord Planwell *kiffing* Pinup, *ſhe*
ſtruggling.

Pin. Let me go ; upon my life I'll tell my Lady.

Enter Flirtilla and Sir Liquorish.

[*Flirt. screams, Lord Planwell and Pinup are in great confusion.*]

Pin. O Madam! I'm glad you are come—His Lordship may be ashamed of himself, so he may, to pull and hall a poor girl about, that has nothing but her character to support her. Oh!--

[*Feigns to cry.*

Flirt. I am thunder struck! huffy, what brought you here?

Pin. Indeed, Madam, I only came to put the silver cup in the beaufait, and his Lordship seiz'd me like a lion, and gave me such a gripe, that I shall be black and blue for a month.

Flirt. Begone, this instant.

[*Exit Pin.*

Lord Plan. Well said, chambermaid! now for myself.

Flirt. (*Collecting herself.*) Upon my honour, my Lord, this action ill becomes Nobility, that glads will save me the confusion of telling you what a contemptible figure you make.

Lord Plan. Faith I believe so.

Sir Liq. As your Lordship's valet de chambre is absent, give me leave to touch up your fore top.

[*Going towards him.*

Lord Plan. Hold Sir! lest I forget that you have the protection of your own house.

Sir Liq. Odso! he's in a desperate fury.

Lord Plan. Dear *Flirtilla*! though my indiscretion has given you this advantage, don't insult upon it?

Flirt. This unaffected concern disarms my resentment, and converts his faults into graces. [*Aside.*

Lord Plan. Why silent, my dear? is a foolish piece of galantry unpardonable?--- Have you no faults to mend?

Flirt.

The Guardian Out-witted. 41

Flirt. That touches home; but I must, to gain my point of Sir *Liquorish*, keep up an appearance of resentment; though my heart akes in feigning it.

D U E T T O,

Lord Plan. *Flirtilla!*

Flirt. My Lord?

Lord Plan. Permit me a word?

Flir. To teaze me, forbear;
Your words are but air.

Lord Plan. Yet sure you may hear me?

Flirt. Ah, cease to endear me!
Your arts and your wiles,
Are fruitless and vain.

Lord Plan. I live by your smiles,
Or die by disdain.

Both. { Ye gods, who of mortals pretend to the care,
Or lessen my pain, or give patience to bear.

Lord Plan. But, dear *Flirtilla*, don't you carry this vindictive humour a little too far?

Flirt. Don't your Lordship carry your idea beyond the point of view?

Lord Plan. What riddle is this?

Flirt. One left to the solution of your wit,

A I R XXI.

The man, that I fix on for life,
Shall be neither dotard nor fool,
As prudence shou'd govern a wife,
I'll serve,—'tis his province to rule.

But

42 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

But when my dear freedom's resign'd,
 Good-nature my heart must engage;
 The linnet, though closely confin'd,
 If cherish'd, will sing in the cage.

Since now, to th' extent of my plan,
 The stars such a lover decree;
 I'll wisely elect the dear man,
 A guardian for ever to me.

Lord Plan. Her guardian! confusion!

Sir Liq. Now is your Lordship answer'd? come
 to my longing arms, my pink, my carnation, my
 stock-july-flower! one kiss to confirm my hap-
 piness?

Lord Plan. Hold, Sir! (*pulls him back.*) Not while
 I am present.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, Sir *British Blunt*, and Lady *Julia*.

Flirt. Conduct them in. (*Exit Serv.*) I am glad
 they are come to witness your Lordship's pretty
 behaviour, and clear conception.

Enter Sir British and Lady Julia.

Lady Jul. My dear, your servant. [*Salutes Flirt.*

Sir Brit. My Lord! (*Lord Planwell shews great
 discomposure.*) Hey-day! we are embark'd in a
 storm---What's the matter now?

Lord Plan. That Lady can inform you.

Flirt. I am unwilling to disgrace your Lordship;
 'tis a mighty silly business! I assure you.

[*To Sir British.*

Sir Liq. Then I'll tell it. You are to know, Sir
British, that my beautiful ward has given her
 hand

The Guardian Out-witted. 43

hand and heart to me, in preference to his Lordship, which you cannot be surpris'd at.

Sir Brit. If it be so, I shall never be surpriz'd at any thing.

Lady Jul. Psha! this is some ridiculous love quarrel; pray let me be a mediator?

Lord Plan. Then dear sister, and Sir British, as I am unfit to be a spectator of this Lady's folly, honour me with your company to my house, and I'll acquaint you with the whole of this cursed proceeding.

Sir Brit. Nay dear my Lord! [*They confer a part.*]

Flirt. (*To Lady Julia.*) Go with him, as soon as I can get rid of Sir Liguorish, I'll follow, and set all right.

Lady Jul. May I then hope, 'tis only a mistake?

Flirt. Depend upon't.

Lady Jul. O brother, brother! I'm asham'd of you.

Quintette in the burletta style.

Flirt. O shamefully stupid!

Far blinder than Cupid!

Lord Plan. Your falsehood and spite,
Are clear to my sight.

Lady Jul. You'll lose him I fear,
Pray sooth him, my dear. [*Aside to Flirt.*]

Flirt. I cannot comply,
My guardian is by;
For union I pant;
Yet dare not recant.

Lord Plan. Come, come, let's away.

[*To Sir British.*]

Sir Brit. One minute delay?

Lord Plan. 'Twere folly,
To dally,
'Twere madness to stay.

All. { When anguish of jealousy lovers deplore,
This probing the wound but inflames it
the more.

Sir Liq. Snow white hand, soft pledge of bliss,
Meet my rapture in a kiss.

[*Offers to kiss her hand, Lord Plan. stops him.*

Lord Plan. Hold Sir; play the fool anon;
But no such freedoms, 'till I'm gone.

Sir Liq. Good, my Lord, abate this chafing,
Or you'll burst my sides with laughing.

Lord Plan. Hark you, Knight, desist from grining,
Or I'll set your blood a spinning. [*Flirt. stops him.*

Flirt. Bless me, stars, what's here to do!

Put up for shame!

Sir Liq. He'll run me through.

Flirt. Let on me your vengeance fall,
I'm the fatal cause of all.

C H O R U S.

Cruel love! whose tyrant sway,
All are destin'd to obey;
Though such tort'ring pangs you give,
Robb'd of thee, who'd wish to live,

End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Lord Planwell's House.

Enter Lord Planwell, Sir British, and Lady Julia.

Lord Planwell.

MY stupidity amazes me; every sentiment of *Flirtilla's*, upon cool reflection, was a confirmation of her love to me.

Sir Brit. True; and yet I am at a loss to account for her flattering Sir *Liquorish*, when a plain denial might silence his pretensions. Pray, my Lord, have you equipp'd Roger with his uniform?

Lord Plan. Compleatly.

Sir Brit. What has he discovered?

Lord Plan. Nothing relative to Sir *Liquorish*; but another affair, that adds to my uneasiness: Not two hours past, she lost six hundred pounds to the Marquis at piquet.

Sir Brit. That circumstance has unveiled the mystery; her seeming tendre for Sir *Liquorish* was only an artifice to wheedle him out of a round sum, in order to discharge that debt of honour.

Enter Roger in Regimentals.

Lord Plan. Captain, yours.

Rog. I was ever your Lordship's, and wait your commands.

Lady Jul. What an elegant bow the fellow makes!

Sir Brit. 'Twill do, my Lord, 'twill do.

46 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord *Plan.* I have already acquainted you with the business, and given you the after clause to the will.

Rog. That, my Lord, I perfectly understand; but what kind of man is Captain *Spritely*?

Lord *Plan.* A gay talkative youth, impatient of contradiction, sudden to passion, resolute in his purpose, and ready to maintain it with his sword.

Rog. When is your Lordship to introduce me?

Lord *Plan.* This evening at your Lady's. As you love reading, wait in my library till I come; for I have more to say.

Rog. I know my duty. [*Bows and exit.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Ladyship, Miss *Flirtilla* waits in her chair.

Lord *Plan.* Blockhead! why didn't you shew her in?

Serv. She would not come; but desired to speak with Lady *Julia*.

Lord *Plan.* Stand away, fellow!

[*Pushes him away, and exit, Servant follows.*]

Lady *Jul.* Now for an eclairsissement——Poor devils! I pity them both; few love-quarrels are made up without a painful struggle between love and pride.

Sir *Brit.* *Flirtilla* will make twenty scruples of coming in, because it was her design, in coming out.

Enter Lord Planwell and Flirtilla.

Lord *Plan.* (*Gently forcing her.*) Dear miss! nay, why draw you back? here's only Sir *British* and my sister.

Sir

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 47

Sir Brit. }
Lady Jul. } Come in, here are none but friends.

Flirt. (*Capitulating.*) Bless me! what will the world say!—'Twill be in the news papers to-morrow.

Lord Plan. (*Pulling her.*) Fie, *Flirtilla*! let me prevail?

Flirt. Well, don't hale me then (*he lets her go.*) You'll think me a forward girl for this condescension; but the fault is really your own,

(*Sir British and Lady Julia retire.*)

Lord Plan. I fear, *Flirtilla*, that the violence of my pa-pa-p-affion—

Flirt. Has ma-ma- made your mu-mu- mountain bring forth a mu-mu-mouse. Ha, ha, ha.

Lord Plan. 'Tis barbarous to make a mockery of my concern.

Flirt. Then change that penitential face; your own is a much better: And since I have been thought criminal, I'll make this room the court of judicature, your Lordship shall be judge, and Sir *British*, and Lady *Julia* the jury, to give the verdict.

Lord Plan. I am convinc'd already, and more sorry for the cause than the effect.

Flirt. (Ha! has the Marquis been tattling!) (*aside.*) The cause, my Lord, was a common one, —Indiscretion! which is generally attended with the want of money.

Lord Plan. You might have commanded, from me, twice the sum you lost to the Marquis.

Flirt. Your Lordship's most obliged, (*Curtsey's*) but in the service of my occasions, I would rather pay exorbitant interest to an indifferent person, than be troublesome to so dear a friend.

Lord Plan. That's honouring me with a title, and depriving me of the means to deserve it.---Oh *Flirtilla*! wou'd you divest yourself of one failing.

Flirt.

48 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Flirt. And your Lordship---of another.

Lord *Plan.* I mean your unlimited passion for cards.

Flirt. I mean your unlimited passion for wenches. But here am I wasting my time in fruitless controversy, and shall miss of Sir *Liquorish*, and the thousand pounds he is to advance me: You see, my Lord, what a self-interested creature I am; but to that darling passion we are all slaves alike.

A I R XXII.

My part's to amuse the old satyr,
And baffle his cunning with art;
'Tis yours to preserve by good nature,
The conquest you've made of my heart.

If some venal failings attend it,
A lover shou'd patient endure;
Example alone can amend it,
Time only can perfect the cure.

The stream in its course to the ocean,
To stain its fair bosom inclines;
But left to its natural motion,
Flows on, till itself it refines. [Exit.]

Lord *Plan.* I'll to my counterfeit captain, with some further hints. I need not tell you that you command my house. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Sir British and Lady Julia.

Sir Brit. Well, madam, what amendment would you wish in your humble servant?

Lady Jul. None in your person; that's unexceptionable.

Sir Brit. Oh, madam! [Bows.]

Lady Jul. But then your address is as rugged as a rough hewn block of marble, that wants the chisel of a judicious artist, to soften it into some pleasing form.

Sir Brit. I cannot sigh, pine and languish; nor swear I die for beauty, when I only live for it; but shew me one quality in the Marquis that would become a Briton, and I'll copy it immediately.

Lady Jul. O lud! your boasted character of a Briton, may recommend you to the senate; but to a woman, a mere lover is worth a hundred of them: give me a *Leander*, that would swim to me over the *Hellespont*, or a *Paris*, that would burn another *Troy* for me.

A I R XXIII.

Pleasing tales in dear romances,
Thrilling pressures, am'rous glances,

Ev'ry tender thought possess:
Breathe out then your secret anguish,
Softly sigh, and sweetly languish,

Love's no love but in excess. [Exit.]

S C E N E I V.

Sir British alone.

Sir Brit. Pretty conditions these for a man of my opposite humour! Yet, spite of her airy flights I'll still pursue her; 'tis evident that I must either play into her romantic follies, or laugh her out of them—I am totally unqualified for the former, and therefore the latter must be my plan.

A I R XXIV.

In women, as in gardens fair,
 But weed the grateful soil;
 The blossom, virtue, will appear,
 To crown the gen'rous toil:
 And when the charms of *Flora* yield,
 To time their rich perfume;
 Bright virtue then will brave the field,
 In never fading bloom. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V. *A Garden to Flirtilla's House.**Enter Slouch and Maukin.**[She turns her back, and eats an apple.]*

Slou. Odswounds! am I such a freight, that you turn your back upon me! Pr'ythee, why so scornful?

Mauk. Because I like somebody better, and that's reason enough.

Slou. Yes, faith; 'tis a bitter good one.

Mauk. [*turns about*] I can't help that—I love to speak my maind.

Slou. But you was of another maind before *Roger* came here: To be zure he's a greater beau than ai; but what then? I'll whet a naife, lay a cloth, or pinch a nopkin with'n for his head and ears.

Mauk. A good farvant may maake a queer zort of a lover. You are such a clumsy aukward creature.

Slou. Wounds, look again---I'm as stout a well timber'd fellow of my inches as *Roger*; a good road horse will out-travel a manag'd one; but rot it, this capering fellow has possess'd you---what the devil can he have done to you, that has turn'd your maind the wrong side outward?

Mauk. If you must know, I'll tell you—he has made love to me, and I have taken a fancy to him, and, if he'll have me, I'll marry him before all the men I ever saw, so I will.

Slou. Marry him! ha, ha, ha! Pr'ythee, *Maukin* don't knock your head against that post; I dare say *Roger* has been sworn at Highgate, and will never marry the house-maid, when he can have the chamber-maid.

Mauk. Well, if he won't have me, you'll be never the near; so chaw that.

Slou. Ai never chaw what I can't swallow. Blood, thou art as ungrateful as a squirrel, that boites one for giving it nuts.

Mauk. Because your nuts are not worth cracking.

Slou. You thought otherwise, when you virst came to *London*, and got our laundress to let you bring home the linen. Didn't you ask me to get you a place, and didn't ai recommend you to my Lady?

Mauk. So you did, and I'm oblig'd to you; but I can't remember that I ever disgraac'd your recommendation: I am neither whore nor thief, and as to my fancying *Roger*, he's a man for any

52 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

girl to laike ; beside, he likes me, and that's enough, Mr. *Slouch*.

Slou. Then he's a baase fellow to Madam *Pinup*, and you are a little paltry ungrateful pufs to me.

A I R XXV.

Women, like creditors base,
 Spread out a close-woven net ;
 And run with a promising face,
 A world of love in our debt.
 Smile, fawn, lie,
 Puffing their honour and honesty,
 Then shy, fly,
 Laughing to see how we're bit.
 Plague on your counterfeit innocence,
 Prim double face, and mock modesty ;
 Worn but to cover your impudence,
 Surest art to deceive.
 Make other blockheads your martyrs,
 For I'll come no more to your quarters,
 The devil provide you with garters,
 To hang, without a reprieve. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pinup.

Pin. Pr'ythee *Maukin*, what makes you idling your time here ?

Mauk. Lord, you needn't be so smart—I have been doing no harm----and would tell you what, if I thought you my friend.

Pin. I was greatly so, 'till you try'd to inveigle my sweet-heart from me.

Mauk. Your sweet-heart ! since when, I pray ?

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 53

Pin. Long before I came to *London*, he courted me, and we were promis'd to each other ; but his engagement to wait on Lord *Planwell* in his travels, delay'd the match 'till his return.

Mauk. If that's the case, *Roger* is no honest man, in saying what he did to me, and I assure you, Mrs. *Pinup*, I am sorry I gave him encouragement ; he's a likely man to be sure, as ever trod upon shoe of leather, and I heartily wish you joy of him ; but since he is deceitful, he's no man for me.

Pin. Spoken like a good girl.—Now tell me what *Slouch* said to you ?

Mauk. He said all he cou'd to get my favour ; but I shew'd him no countenance ; then he bounc'd and hector'd, and call'd me naames ; zo ai zent'n away with a flea in his ear.

Pin. I am sorry for it: The poor fellow is far from ugly ; what is it you dislike so in him ?

Mauk. Nothing, for the matter o' that ; only ai laike *Roger* better.

Pin. Thou art a downright honest wench, and, if you'll follow my counsel, you sha'n't repent it.

Mauk. I was always willing to learn, and may be led to any thing by good nature——what have you to propose ?

Pin. Nothing, but for your good. Consider, child ; though there are more places than parish churches, yet service is no inheritance, shou'd sickness happen, this fellow has sav'd money to pay the apothecary, and, when age comes, an honest yoke-fellow is an old woman's crutch.

Mauk. You are a person of sense, Mrs. *Pinup*, and shall soon be convinc'd that I am no fool, for I'll take your advice.

Pin. That's my best girl, and you'll find your account in it---Now I am your friend for ever.

Mauk. I'm very proud, Madam, to hear you say so; and now my mind's at ease, can go cheerfully to my work.

A I R XXVI.

Since *Roger*, in you, flights the heart he has won,
And thinks on his vow, as a breath that is gone;
Shou'd wedlock confine him, he'll shift from the
bands,

The eel, tho' you gripe it, will slip thro' your hands:

Again shou'd he press me some kindness to show,
I'll give myself airs, turn my back; and say---no.

No fellow, no,

As you came, you may go,

You may go, you may go,---as you came, you
may go.

But, shou'd my true lover intreat for a kiss,

I'll, like a good girl, turn my face, and say---yes,

Yes, my love, yes,

You are welcome to kifs :

You are welcome, you are welcome, you are
welcome to kifs. [Exit.

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Pinup *alone.*

Pin. Tho' country girls have seldom the advantage of a good education, yet from old songs and proverbs, they form comparisons, that are of the utmost consequence to their conduct. Now, from this wench's prudent reflections-----shou'd I be afraid to venture upon *Roger*; but that I know, all men of sharp wit and high spirits are as flighty as he, and yet to be tam'd by kindness from those they love.

AIR

A I R XXVII.

Tho' oft' the cock in farmer's yard,
 To ev'ry she will rove;
 It only heightens his regard,
 To th' object of his love:
 With joy he peck's the yellow grain,
 To give his fav'rite hen;
 And quits the others with disdain,
 To cherish her again. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII. *A Parlour.*

Enter Flirtilla and Lady Julia.

Flir. [With a letter.] His Lordship writes that he and Sir *British* have laid a plan for the speedy recovery of my fortune, and, for that purpose, desires to introduce my new servant, who is to personate Captain *Spritely*.

Lady Jul. Which he'll do to a miracle. But who is Captain *Spritely*, for that's yet a secret to me?

Flir. A young gentleman of a good, but unfortunate family, for whom my father procur'd a lieutenancy.

Lady Jul. I heartily wish the desir'd success.

Flir. I am perfectly convinc'd of your Ladyship's sincerity: But now to your own concerns, you can't conceive, my dear, the satisfaction I feel in your new-born love to Sir *British*; indeed, child, the Marquis has play'd you false.

Lady Jul. If I cou'd only lead Sir *British*'s manner of address into the tender and pathetic, *La Finesse*'s falshood wou'd be a matter of indifference.

Flir. I am glad to hear that, for this letter will sufficiently prove his unworthiness. [Gives the letter.

56 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lady *Jul.* [*Reads*] “ If divine *Flirtilla* will dis-
 “ evening before card play, retire to her chamber,
 “ and fix vid me an appointment to drink tea at Mrs,
 “ *Gauze*’s the milliner, whose address I will give
 “ her,”---- [*to Flirtilla*] she, I suppose, is one of
 those prudent house-keepers, who, to make their
 rent easy, let their first floors to private rendezvous.

Flir. In plainer terms, a procurefs---but go on.

Lady *Jul.* [*Reads on*] “ Dis tendre obligation
 “ shall discharge de six hundred pound debt of onor,
 “ and baird in eternal chains,

Your ever constant,

La Finesse.”

Flir. There, my dear, what think you now ?

Lady *Jul.* ’Tis so audacious an insult on you,
 that I think you are bound in honour to resent it.

Flir. I dare not make a serious business of it,
 with my Lord, for fear of engaging him in a
 duel; so have determined, with the temper of a
 philosopher, to pay him the six hundred pounds,
 banter him smartly for his ignorance and impu-
 dence, and then, forbid his visits for the fu-
 ture.

Lady *Jul.* I am glad you correct his folly with
 this non-chalance of temper.

Flir. Why really, my dear, that’s owing to a
 conviction, that at certain intervals, the wisest are
 as great fools as he.

A I R XXVIII.

The youth, who from woman has suffer’d disdain,
 And spite of aversion, will court her again,
 May boast that his actions are guided by rule,
 But flatters himself; for she knows him---a fool.

While

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 57

While partial conceit dims the sight of our eyes,
We ne'er can aspire to the title of wise;
And spite of experience, that masterly school,
Each mortal is---sometime or other---a fool.

Enter Sir Liquorish.

Sir *Liq.* Now *Flirty*, I have done the job: Here are the dear transparent papers-----See the pin-holes in the fums, to prevent alteration---A thousand pounds, payable at sight by the Bank of *England*---A mint of money, as times go.

Flir. That's my best Guardy,---let me have them, let me hold 'em.

Sir *Liq.* To have and to hold, is certainly a term in law: now, if I give you the notes, you will both have and hold;---but what am I to have and hold in return?

Flir. A proper acknowledgment. My stars! what a silly scruple is here! Is all your pretended love come to this?

Sir *Liq.* Yes, you little cockatrice; I am prudent---discreet, wise.---My servant, not an hour ago, saw your chair at Lord *Planwell's* door.---I suspect, *Flirtilla*, I suspect.

Flir. A fig for your suspicion.---Will you advance the money?

Sir *Liq.* Not a stiver; unless you first sign a bond, in fifty thousand pounds penalty, that you will marry me within three days from the date hereof.

Flir. O mercy!-----how shall I contain my rage!---Let me, if possible, keep down this rising choler. (*aside.*)-----Pray, Sir, is any such condition mentioned in my father's will?

Sir *Liq.* Perhaps not; but you'll find it in mine.

Lady *Jul.* Fye, Sir *Liquorish*! this arbitrary proceeding is tyrannical.

Sir

58 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Sir *Liq.* Tyrannical! ha, ha, ha!---Pray, Madam, what right have you to interfere in my concerns?

Lady *Ful.* An undoubted one, where my friend is wronged.

Sir *Liq.* 'Twill avail you little; for I am determined.

Flir. Then, Sir, I presume to tell you, that you are a ———

Sir *Liq.* What? come, out with it.

Flir. A wicked old man.

Sir *Liq.* Is that all?

Flir. A trust-breaker.

Sir *Liq.* So?

Flir. An orphan-robber.

Sir *Liq.* Ha! mistress impertinence!

Flir. Nay, since you provoke me---A villain.

[Walks discompos'd.]

Sir *Liq.* Very well, Miss Pert; you may repent this.

Flir. No matter. *[Snappish, yet careless.]*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Lord Planwell, Sir British, and a stranger. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Lord Planwell, Sir British; and Roger in Regimentals.

Lord *Plan.* Madam, your servant. *(to Flirtilla.)*
You seem discompos'd?

Flir. My Lord, I am so.

Sir *Liq.* He here again.

[Looks at Lord Planwell, and shrugs his shoulders.]

Lord Planwell takes Roger by the hand, and leads him to Flirtilla.

Lord *Plan.* Give me leave, Miss, to introduce a valuable old acquaintance——Captain *Spritely.*

[Roger bows.]
Flir.

The Guardian Out-witted. 59

Flir. The Gentleman is welcome. [*Curtlys.*

Sir Liq. Captain *Spritley*! O the devil; if this should be my wife's brother, I shall wish myself blind; for he's the witness to the after-clause. [*Aside.*

[*During this, ceremonies pass between Roger and Flirtilla.*

Lord Plan. For heaven's sake, *Flirtilla*, what's the matter.

Sir Liq. No trifle, my Lord; Miss wants a thousand pounds.

Rog. Hark you, Sir, I don't know you, and am glad of it; for I think you very indelicate to open such an affair before a stranger.

Sir Liq. Pray, Sir, what authority have you to notice it?

Rog. That of good manners.---Take care, old Gentleman, you don't forfeit yours, lest I should give up mine.---Your pardon, Lady, for this liberty.

Flir. Since the Knight has so politely mentioned my occasion for that sum, I desire he'll tell his reason for refusing to advance it.

Sir Brit. That he ought to do.

Rog. I insist on it.

Sir Liq. Then the case is this-----Here is the money in bank-notes, which are hers immediately after the execution of this bond.

Lord Plan. What bond, *Flirtilla*?

Flir. Only in fifty thousand pounds penalty for my marrying him in three days.

Rog. Marrying him? [*All laugh but Sir Liqueurish.*

Sir. Liq. Why not, Sir?

Rog. Because 'tis against the Lady's inclination, by whose father's interest, I hold an honourable commission under the King.---Blood, Sir! before such a delicate young fawn should be sacrific'd to a tough old buck, I'd slap a pair of slugs into your pericranium, and sell your hide to a tanner.

[*All laugh but Sir Liqueurish.*
Lord

60 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

Lord Plan. (*Comes forward.*) Pray, Sir, have not you, by the will of this Lady's father, seventy thousand pounds of hers in your trust?

Sir Liq. Not payable 'till the age of twenty-one; 'tis four years to that, and then, your Lordship knows, there's such a thing as a suit in Chancery.

Rog. Hark you, old Trixter; I swear by my shoulder-knot, she shall have every shilling on the day of marriage with this Peer of *Great-Britain*.

Sir Liq. Ha! now I see the drift; but I can face it out, for the after-clause is in my own possession. [*Aside.*]

Rog. Well, old Grim-beard, what do you say to that?

Sir Liq. I say, 'tis all rhodomantade.

Rog. Rhodomantade in your teeth; 'tis a squib, a cracker, a mere flash in the pan; by the ghosts of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*, 'tis cousin-german to a lie; and did not this Lady's house protect you, I'd pin you to the wall for it. (*Shews the copy of the clause.*) Here, old Touch-wood, out with your barnacles, and look at this.

[*Gives it him, and Sir Liquorish takes out his spectacles, and reads.*]

Lady Jul. What a notable hector! [*To Sir Brit.*]

Flir. He acts it to admiration. [*To Lord Plan.*]

Sir Liq. Confusion! a true copy of Sir William's after-clause; and my wife's hand-writing---- O the Jezebel!---thank heaven, she's dead.

Rog. Well, you old Prig, what do you think now? is this rhodomantade?

Sir Liq. I say, 'tis a trumpt-up thing, a counterfeit.

Rog. Such another word, and I'll slit your wind-pipe. Is not my honourable name as a witness?

Sir Brit. Hear me, Knight, there is no arguing against facts; this writing (as the Captain will prove it a true copy) is valid in law; besides, he is
your

The Guardian Out-witted. 61

your wife's brother, and ready to join evidence with this letter, of her being now alive in Spain.

[Takes out the letter.

Sir *Liq.* My wife living!—then all my hopes of *Flirtilla* are dead.---Brother, I ask ten thousand pardons.

[Goes to embrace.

Rog. Very well, Sir; but no hugging, 'till I see the issue of this business.

Lord *Plan.* Sir *Liquorish*! since the survival of your Lady excludes every prospect of your marrying *Flirtilla*, let me recommend an amicable accommodation of this affair.

Rog. By the blood of the *Spriteley's*, he shall accommodate it, or——

Lord *Plan.* Dear Captain, govern your passion.---His heart seems to relent,----I read compliance in his looks.

Sir *Liq.* I am vanquished----but 'tis a hard case, to see my springing hopes blasted by so black a storm.

(Wipes his eyes.

Sir *Brit.* Come, Knight, 'tis never too late to be just.

Sir *Liq.* That's true, Sir *British*, and therefore I acknowledge myself to be in possession of the original after-clause, and as earnest that my sweet Chargy shall receive her portion on the day of marriage with this noble peer, I here advance the thousand pounds I promis'd.

[Gives *Flirtilla* the notes.

Flir. Now you are my real guardian, and father's honour'd friend.

Rog. Brother, I forgive you---let me embrace you.

(Embrace.

Lady *Jul.* Sir, my heart partakes the sweet effects of your generosity.

Sir *Brit.* Knight, your hand; (takes hands) by the British arms, this reformation does you honour.

Lord *Plan.* And binds me ever to your service.

DUETTO.

62 *The Guardian Out-witted.*

D U E T T O.

Lord Planwell and Sir British.

Cease, long injur'd fair to languish,
Let calm peace thy bosom fill,
Through the thorny gate of anguish,
Lovers climb true pleasure's hill.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Marquis de la Finesse.---- [Exit.

Enter la Finesse.

Flir. (To Finesse,) Sir, your most obedient.
(*Curtsey's.*) This is so signal an honour!

(*Turns to Lady Julia with an ironical sneer.*)

Fin. Madame! (*Bows respectfully.*)

Rog. (*Observing him.*) Ay, 'tis he----my blood
boils at his assurance----(*goes to him.*) So, master
Brender! for that's your real name, what wind
blew you to this quarter?

Fin. Le diable! Sar, me no ava de onor to know
you.

Rog. Then I'll refresh your memory, you cannot
surely forget when in *Florence*, I had the honour
to kick you down stairs.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fin. By gar, me betray'd and ruin'd for ever.

Flir. For heaven's sake, Captain, explain this
matter?

Rog. Nay, he only cheated me of sixty ducats
at piquet; when I, suspecting a fraud, collar'd
him, and searched his pockets, where I found cards
to make point, quint, and quatorze, and two pair
of loaded dice.

Lord Plan. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir

The *Guardian Out-witted.* 63

Sir *Brit.* This answers my suspicion.

Rog. He is neither Marquis nor Frenchman, but a sharpening Swiss, that fled his own country to escape an halter.

Fin. Pray, monsieur le Capitain, vat evidence ava you for dis ?

Rog. That I'll produce immediately. [*Exit.*

Flir. Now my strange run of fortune at picquet is no longer a mystery.

Re-enter Roger with Sneider.

Rog. Here, look on the prisoner at the bar.

Fin. Ha ! my valet in de plot ! Den 'tis in vain to shuffle. Me plead guilty, and ombly aska de pardon of dis onorable company.

Rog. That alone can keep my sword in the scabbard.----Now, at the hazard of a slit nose for the least quibble, did not you, by false cards, win the six hundred pounds of this Lady ?

Fin. Sparea me de further confusion, me ombly takea my leave, and in tree days promise to quit dis kingdom for ever. [*Bows submissively and Exit.*

Flir. Monsieur le valet, you may retire.

Rog. Thou art an honest fellow, and I'll be an advocate for your encouragement.

Snei. Me very much oblig'd. [*Bows and Exit.*

Flir. My Lord, this sharper, like a dext'rous oculist, has remov'd the films, that obstructed the sight of my folly ; I therefore abjure every fashionable error that is inconsistent with the character of a good wife ; happy that my true affection to your Lordship has prevented my past flights from tending to a more fatal consequence.

A I R XXIX.

Silly maids, whose wanton fancies;
 Led thro' Cupid's giddy dances;
 Circle still the fairy-round,
 Where the young and gay are found;
 Leave th' alluring scene of pleasure,
 Ev'ry joy by prudence measure;
 Who, for blifs, abroad wou'd roam,
 When 'tis surest found at home!

Rattling beaux, and smarts despising;
 Calm content and wisdom prizing;
 Free from buz of gilded flies,
 Scandal base, and tattling lies;
 Bless the youth, whose vow sincere,
 Softly charms th' attentive ear;
 Mutual love and constancy,
 All the storms of fate defy.

Lord Plan. My lovely convert, your bright example shall be the pleasing subject of my imitation.

Sir Brit. (To Lady Julia.) If rough honesty appear too indelicate —

Lady Jul. True honesty, like true religion, is known by its simplicity, away then romantic ideas; welcome now truth and plain dealing.

[*Sir British takes her hand.*]

Lord Plan. For my share of this general content, I am much indebted to *Roger*.

Sir Liq. *Roger*!----who the devil is he?

Reg. Only captain *Spritely*, whose commission, of an hour's date, and expiring an hour hence, will sink him again into miss *Flirtilla's* footman.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Liq.* (*Brandishing his crutch stick.*) Let me come at him. A bully! a hector!-----a double-faced varlet! Uh!

Flir. I hope my dearest Guardy is not angry?

Sir *Liq.* Yes, but I am, bloody angry----to be cheated----gull'd----imposed on.

Rog. And yet, Sir *Liquorish*, but for this trick, your conscience, like a foul gun in the discharge of it, would have given you many a severe shock.

Sir *Liq.* By George, that's true—the rogue is clever, true to his trust, and play'd his part to a miracle.----Sirrah, I forgive you.

Flir. Pr'ythee, *Roger*, think of some gratuity, within his Lordship's, or my power, in recompence for so signal a service.

Rog. Your Ladyship has a pretty chambermaid, called *Dolly Pinup*, who has no aversion to your humble servant: Your Lordship has besides, in *Berkshire*, a neat little farm untenanted, within three-score yards of my father's. Now, your Ladyship's consent to my marriage with *Doll*, and your Lordship's grant of that farm, would make us completely happy.

Flir. On your promise to set her a good example, she shall not come portionless to you.

Lord *Plan.* And, for a pepper-corn rent, I'll make over the fee-simple of that farm, with forty acres adjoining, to you and your heirs for ever.

Rog. Peace, love, and every lasting blessing attend my good Lord and Lady.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Lord *Plan*. Come Hymen, come, of Venus born,
 In saffron robe bedight ;
 With taper clear our rights adorn,
 And hearts with hands unite.

Sir *Brit*. Come Bacchus ; but in temp'rate fit,
 Produce thy honest face ;
 Bring wine, and mirth, and joke, and wit,
 This festive night to grace.

Lady *Jul*. Descend sweet peace, in snow white vest,
 With branch of olive green ;
 With us reside, and be confess'd,
 Of ev'ry heart the queen.

Flir. Come, rosy boy, fair Venus' son,
 With all thy lovely train ;
 The sand of time, shall cease to run,
 Ere I dispute thy reign.

C H O R U S.

The feeble knot of hymen parts,
 By sordid wretches ty'd ;
 But that which binds two faithful hearts,
 Death only can divide.

F I N I S.